

LOCAL TEAM TRIMS MONONGAH NINE

Eighth Inning Batting Rally Gives Local Boys Seven Runs and Game.

MONONGAH, Sept. 25.—There is a critical moment in every affair of magnitude. If you count Sunday's game between Monongah and Clarksburg at Traction park an affair of magnitude, then the critical moment came in the eighth inning, the latter half, with Clarksburg wielding the bat.

Toothman pitched a magnificent game up to that period, then his wing weakened and the scream of battered horsehide was heard frequently in a certain part of Marion county. Until the eighth his artillery army had the German forty-two centimeter guns beaten to a whisper. Then came the deluge of hits and resulting runs and when the smoke of battle had cleared away seven Harrison county men had trod the plate. Two hits in the second inning were the spoils of Clarksburg until the eighth.

Score: Certainly, eight-two, with the heavy end for Clarksburg. In only one inning did Whitney, the Clarksburg twirler, miss a heart-beat. That was in the fourth, when Monongah put two men across the plate.

Talbot, who has returned to Monongah after a few seasons work in professional baseball, distinguished himself by the use of his head, his speedy legs and his batting eye. The box score will show a batting average of 1,000, three times up and three times a ring in the place on the target where the gong sounds. One run and three stolen bases, four put-outs and an assist make up that gentleman's record for Sunday's game.

Here is the result in the accepted method of figuring baseball finishes: Monongah—AB. R. H. P. A. E. Cochran, lf., 4 0 0 2 2 0; Turkovitch, 3b., 4 0 1 1 1 0; Toothman, p., 4 0 0 1 2 0; Talbot, c., 3 1 3 1 1 0; Fortney, ss., 2 1 1 2 4 1; Wright, 1b., 4 0 0 11 0 1; Brown, rf., 4 0 3 3 0 0; Layne, cf., 4 0 0 3 0 0; Schimisky, 2b., 3 0 0 0 2 0.

Totals, 32 2 8 27 12 2. Clarksburg—AB. R. H. P. A. E. Carduff, ss., 2 0 0 2 1 0; P. Moran, lf., 4 1 1 2 0 0; Siegrist, 1b., 5 1 1 11 0 0; H. Moran, 3b.-ss., 5 1 1 2 1 1; Wilcox, 2b., 4 0 1 3 7 0; Feeney, rf., 4 0 1 2 0 0; Cropp, cf., 4 1 2 2 0 0; Stull, c., 4 2 2 3 2 0; Whitney, p., 4 1 1 0 1 0; McGraw, 3b., 3 1 1 0 1 1.

Totals, 38 8 11 27 13 2. Score by innings—R. Monongah, 000 200 000—2; Clarksburg, 000 000 071—8. Earner runs—Monongah 2; Clarksburg 6.

Two base hits—Talbot, Fortney, Cropp, McGraw. Bases on balls—off Toothman 1; off Whitney 2. Struck out—by Toothman 3; by Whitney 3.

Left on bases—Monongah 6; Clarksburg 5. Double plays—Wilcox-Siegrist; Time—1:50. Umpire—Smith.

NATIONAL BASEBALL RESULTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results. No games scheduled, all teams playing in the East.

Games Today.

Pittsburg at Boston. Chicago at Brooklyn. St. Louis at New York. Cincinnati at Philadelphia.

Standing of Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Brooklyn	87	56	.608
Philadelphia	85	57	.598
Boston	79	58	.570
New York	78	62	.557
Pittsburg	65	81	.445
Chicago	64	83	.435
St. Louis	60	87	.408
Cincinnati	57	91	.385

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.

At Chicago—R. H. E. New York 100 000 000—1 6 3; Chicago 100 100 000—2 4 1. Batteries: Cullip, Russell and Walters. Williams and Lynn.

At Detroit—R. H. E. Washington 100 002 200—6 10 2; Detroit 121 000 100—6 11 2. Batteries: Johnson and Henry and Gharrry. Elmske and Stanage.

First game—At St. Louis—R. H. E. Philadelphia 001 000 100—2 6 0; St. Louis 000 000 000—0 3 0. Batteries: Schwind and Haley. Slater, Lavan and Hartley.

Second game—At St. Louis—R. H. E. Philadelphia 100 000 010—2 8 1; St. Louis 200 010 001—3 6 1. Batteries: Panham and Picinich. Koob and Hartley.

At Cleveland—R. H. E. Boston 000 200 001—3 7 2; Cleveland 000 040 010—5 4 0. Batteries: Leonard and Carrigan and Thomas. Boehling, Bagby and O'Neil.

Today's Games. Boston at Cleveland. New York at Chicago. Washington at Detroit. Philadelphia at St. Louis.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston	85	60	.589
Chicago	85	64	.570
Detroit	85	65	.567
New York	76	70	.521
St. Louis	73	73	.500
Cleveland	76	73	.510
Washington	72	73	.497
Philadelphia	52	113	.226

Six per cent of the line of a railroad being built in Switzerland will be over bridges and 13.5 per cent through tunnels.

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sie. Down in nine and only six up and three to go.

Made a beautiful approach on the sixteenth, but an apple tree grew in the way. Down in six to his five and only five up and two to go.

Went wading on the seventeenth. Four up and one to go.

Putted left-handed on the eighteenth. Three up and one to go.

"If there were three more holes," I says, "you might catch up. That is, if I dropped dead."

The rubber will be pastimed on the first rainy Thursday.

Cards: Warren (out)—The original ten and ten more.

LAPP THERE TO FILL SOX BACKSTOP HOLE



Jack Lapp.

The injury to Ray Schalk at a time when the White Sox hoped to have a look-in on the pennant might have been a greater blow had not Jack Lapp been there to step in at the breach. Lapp's catching in Schalk's absence has been so good as to keep the Sox going at their best clip. The White Sox have been well fixed with plenty talent this season.

Scoop Is A Close Student of the War

BY "HOP"



You Men Who Pay the Advertising Bills

A large organization, nationwide, has been working for two years to promote better advertising conditions and to protect the man who pays the advertising bills. It employs a large staff of experts and has gone to great expense in order to protect your interests.

This organization is financed by advertisers, advertising agencies and newspaper, magazine, farm journal and trade paper publishers all over America—with the sole object in view of putting the buying of advertising space on a sound, clean, businesslike basis—so that you, when you buy advertising, can know what you get. It is not organized for profit—but for service only.

This organization is known as the "A. B. C."—Audit Bureau of Circulations—and is entitled to the support of every business man who ever pays a dollar for advertising space.

When you buy space from any publisher who is a member of the "A. B. C.," you buy CERTIFIED CIRCULATION—circulation that is as bona fide and square and honest as a certified check—circulation that has been verified, in every smallest detail, by the trained and unbiased auditors of the "A. B. C."

When you buy advertising space, buy it from those publications who have nothing to conceal, whose circulations are certified circulations.

The Daily Telegram

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

In the Wake of the News

By Ring W. Lardner.

THE RETURN ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. Griffin refrained from giving a party in honor of Mr. Carle the night before.

It was a nice day, and I wore shoes that didn't hurt.

I played with a ball that I'd seen. Mr. Warren had had and eggs for lunch.

So it was still his honor, and he sliced into the rough. I hit one right in the eye for a puny 225 yards. Mr. Warren didn't concede the hole, but he might as well of.

So it was my honor and I hit one right in the eye. Mr. Warren sliced into the rough. Two up.

So it was my honor and I hit one right in the eye. Mr. Warren cut a lucky one that stayed in the course. We halved it, which was a bitter disappointment, as it was my honorable intention to win 'em all.

We halved the next one and I copped the fifth and he copped the sixth and seventh and we halved the eighth and I copped the ninth. Two up at the turn.

Then somebody went crazy. There's a bunker a trifle over 200 yards down the first or tenth fairway. Our hero's drive fell ten yards short of it. His breeze was slightly in a brack-

ish, but hole high. Down in five and three up. The opponent taking a birdie ten. Down in five and on the next one and four up, the opponent tawing birdie seven.

"Want to play any more?" I ast him. I had to go and take an eight on the twelfth. And an eight won it. Five up.

The fourth or thirteenth hole is a matter of 273 yards. Our hero carelessly cracked one on the jaw, right down the middle of the course, for a puny 250 yards. Then there was a bad approach, but down in four to the enemy's six. Six up and five to go.

"I've got to get home early," I says. "Well," says the other guy, "if we hurry up we can finish in half an hour."

"Finish what," I ast him. "The match," he says.

"O, you mean finish the match?" I says.

You see I thought it was already finished.

So it was my honor and I belted one on the chin and was down in five. Seven up and four to go.

I made a bad drive on the fifteenth and then got cute and tried to scramble out of a gutter with a brack-



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